

"Oh! Mr. Coddleby," exclaimed Miss Dawson, "I hope you're not hurt," as the gentleman picked himself up, and declared he was not injured a bit, "such a pity," went on the lady, "just as you were going to make such a pretty speech too, I am sure."

Coddleby blushed, and picking up his mallet said, "Oh! it was nothing, Miss Dawson. Fate ordained that the words be left unsaid, and 'tis useless to rebel against Destiny."

"Why, Mr. Coddleby, you are quite a philosopher, I declare," said Miss Dawson, demurely, and patting the turf with her mallet.

"You flatter me too much, Miss Dawson," replied Coddleby, and he would have said more but that he was called upon to play, and young Dawson remarked jocularly, "I can't imagine what you and Fanny find to talk about so earnestly: here's Slobby as mute as an oyster—"

"Oh! don't be so rude, Muffy," interrupted Miss Helen, "I'm sure Mr. Slobby is very entertaining."

"Aw—bah Jawve—aw—come y'know I thay Mith Helen," from the bank clerk, vigorously stroking his upper lip, whilst Yubbitts said to her in a low tone.

"How severe you are: do you know I am actually frightened at you?"

"Oh! Mr. Yubbitts," the young lady returned, "I am sure *you* are not easily frightened. Your friend Mr. Bramley, has been telling me that you are actually pining to encounter a buffalo or a panther—and I'm sure I feel sorry for the poor animals—"

"Haw!" remarked Mr. Slobby, who overheard this last speech and who was really very angry that he was unable to monopolize the younger Miss Dawson. "Are y'going to shoot buffalo; tewwible dangerous bwutes, buffalo."

"Why Mr. Slobby," exclaimed Miss Helen, "I was not aware you had ever been buffalo hunting; I suppose you're a sportsman, too, then: how charming!"

"Aw—no, Mith Helen: twue I'm found of thpawt and followed the houndth in Towonto—"

"Ah!" exclaimed Yubbitts, somewhat excitedly, h ave they hounds in Toronto? I'm glad to hear it. What game do they hunt, sir? Bears, wolves, foxes—what?"

"Aw—no, th' day I wath out with them they followed an anithe theed bag for the theyewal houchth—aw," replied the embryo banker.

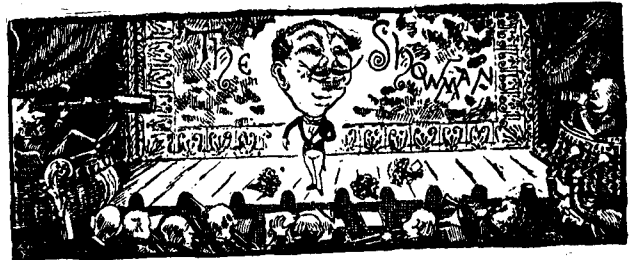
"An anise seed bag," laughed Helen, mischievously, "Why, *that's* not a very dangerous animal; ha! ha! ha!"

"Aw—tewwible jumpth—bwookth, fentheth and tho on; nearly bwoke my neck over an immense fenth onth—aw—thwee feet high fully," and he looked round for some manifestations of admiration, which, however were not vouchsafed.

Further details of this blissful afternoon need not be given in this chronicle. Suffice it to say that every moment in the company of these bright and wholesome Canadian girls deepened the impression made upon the hearts of the trio love-struck Pickwickians, and that their two less impressionable colleagues were eminently pleased at the new acquaintances they had formed. It need scarcely be said, therefore, that Mr. Dawson's pressing invitation to a second visit on their return from their western trip, was eagerly accepted. The hour had

now arrived when the present visit must close, and with many expressions of thanks for the hospitality shown them, our heroes took their departure, Mr. Dawson having ordered out his carriage to take them to the train. In due course they found themselves seated in a comfortable Pullman and speeding towards the Queen City of the West.

(To be continued.)



THE Madison Square success "A Prisoner for Life" is now the attraction at Manager Shaw's house.

MR. STEWART ROGERS will give two of his celebrated entertainments at Shaftesbury Hall on the 9th and 10th. His impersonation of Gladstone is a great feature.

MR. DENMAN THOMPSON is with us once again. This time he is appearing in his new play "The Old Homestead," which presents the ever popular Uncle Josh in a new set of adventures.

MR. W. H. LYTELL's performance of the old darkie in McKee Rankin's play, "49," was one of the cleverest pieces of acting we have ever seen. The comedian so perfectly sank his own identity in that of the tottering but unctuous old coon, that his most intimate friends would not have known him if his name had not appeared on the bill. Mr. Rankin's acting in the title *role*, and that of the young lady who played "Carrots" marked both as rarely gifted artists.

MR. P. F. BAKER and his company will present the favorite drama "Chris and Lena" at the Toronto next week. As the London *Referee* says:—"Baker reminds one of Emmett both in appearance and style. He sings superbly, dances and acts admirably. If you don't laugh at this clever gentleman, I shall consider you haven't a laugh in you. But you must laugh—it's a matter of compulsion, not inclination. His acting is admirable. "Chris and Lena" has a good plot on the melodrama order." Mr. Harry Rich, so well known in this city, is a member of the supporting company.

"A PARTY leader," said Rollo, looking up from the paper, "is he the man who leads the party?" "Well, something like that," said Rollo's Uncle George. "He is the man who lies awake nights trying to guess which way the party wants to go, and when he finds out, he scoots across lots and tries to get there first. He leads the party unless the party should happen to change its mind and go the other way. He leads the party the same as the leader in the stage team leads. He goes ahead, but he goes the way the man on the box with the reins tells him to go." Rollo said he thought he was beginning to see into politics as through a glass darkly, and Uncle George said that was the way old politicians usually looked into 'em.